THE LEGION OF CHARLIES

A GI/TV PRODUCT

LAST GASP

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BIG C

LT. KALI

TITS

GORE

San Francisco Chiclet

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107th Year No. 89 HOME EDITION ** TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1971 15 CENTS

Manson, 3 Women Get Death Penalty

Defendants Threaten Tate Jurors

A.P. & U.P.

Los Angeles

A jury — ignoring defense pleas for a "gift [redacted] life" — decreed death in San Quentin Prison's [redacted] chamber yesterday for Charles Manson and three [redacted] followers convicted [redacted] seven murders in the Sharon Tate case.

None of the defendants faced [redacted] jurors during the action. All were thrown out for shouting derogatory comments.

Manson was first out, before any verdicts were read. He muttered: "I don't see how you can get by with this. You don't have [redacted] authority over [redacted]. You're [redacted] nearly as good as me. This is not the people's courtroom."

The judge ordered him to be quiet, then ordered him out. The three women, their formerly long hair cropped [redacted] in their heads, sat silent [redacted] the first verdict of death was pronounced for Manson. [redacted] Krenwinkel, 23, spoke to jurors: "You've all just judged yourselves."

GAME

[redacted] Susan Atkins, 22, shouted angrily, "It's gonna come down hard. [redacted] your doors, protect your kids." When the [redacted] ordered her out, she wrenched from a bailiff and shouted at the judge, "Remove yourself from the face of the [redacted]. You're all fools."

She was led out, followed by Miss Krenwinkel, who muttered, "[redacted] whole system is a [redacted]." Last to go was Leslie Van Houten, who also muttered: "You've all just judged yourselves."

The [redacted] men and [redacted] women who convicted the four of first-degree murder and conspiracy last January 25 chose the death penalty over the only alternative, life imprisonment with the possi-

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AP Wirephoto

CHARLES MANSON BEFORE THE VERDICT
'This is not the people's courtroom'

Slain Girl Was A 'Love Captive'

Associated Press

Fort Benning, Ga.

An ex-GI testified yesterday that he watched Lieutenant William Calley Jr. conduct a methodical, point-blank mass execution of unresisting Vietnamese men, women and children at My Lai while they screamed for their lives.

Many of the unarmed victims were shot down one by one, said the witness, Dennis Conti, of Providence, R.I.

At one point in his testimony at Calley's court-martial, Conti said a handful of women [redacted] children made a dash for freedom while Calley exhorted enlisted men in his platoon to "get 'em, get 'em, kill 'em."

Conti, 23, a truck driver, also testified:

"I looked down and seen a woman try to get up. I seen Lieutenant Calley fire and blow the top of her head off."

Calley, 27, is on trial for his life, charged with the premeditated murder of 102 civilians March 16, 1968 while leading his infantry platoon on a search and destroy assault against My Lai.

Calley leaned forward with both elbows on the defense table and his neck appeared to redden at times during the 35-minute recital by Conti, first of 31 court-martial witnesses to say he saw Calley kill anyone.

The government later placed in evidence an 8-by-[redacted] inch color photograph of 30 bloody Vietnamese bodies lying along a trail beside the village.

Besides these [redacted] slayings, Calley [redacted] is accused of engineering at least 70 other executions in a drainage ditch [redacted] the east of My Lai.

[redacted] where they were forced to smoke marijuana, [redacted] cocaine [redacted] take a number [redacted] pills.

She told police she was walked up the trail a little bit. There I saw Lieutenant Calley and some other soldiers. As I came up, Lieuten[redacted] Calley told us to round up people."

[redacted] you [redacted] these people?

A. Women and children, down to 3 or 4 years old. I brought them back to where the command post was on the trail.

Q. How many were there?

A. At the time, I guess 30 or 40 people all women and children. I remember one old man.

$100,000 Fee for Calley Book

Washington

First Lieutenant [redacted] L. Calley is splitting $100,000 with Esquire magazine's former Vietnam war correspondent, John Sack, for publication of Calley's exclusive memoirs, it was learned yesterday.

Thomas H. Guinzburg, president of Viking Press Inc., said the [redacted] entitled "Lt. Calley: An American Tragedy," will [redacted] published July 26. Work on the book is virtually complete, Guinzburg [redacted], and is [redacted] on [redacted] interviews Sack had with Calley over a period of months. [redacted] said [redacted] also interviewed Calley since his conviction.

He said Calley signed a contract with Viking [redacted]. It was approved by Colonel Reid Kennedy, the presiding judge at Calley's recent court martial.

L.A. Times Service

Calley Sobs

RECORD THAT'S [redacted] VERY BIG IN COUNTRY

WASHINGTON—(NNS) — The Nashville music company that produced "Harper Valley PTA" is in the running with another record its president believes [redacted] four million copies: "The Battle Hymn of Lt. Calley."

Set to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," [redacted] is an unabashed condemnation [redacted] Calley's conviction and sentence [redacted] life imprisonment.

[redacted] is in the [redacted] of [redacted] country-and-western tunes that champion traditional values while criticizing the protests and changing social values of American youth.

Million Goal

Shelby Singleton, president [redacted] Plantation Records, said he expected "The Battle Hymn" to sell a million copies [redacted] Wednesday, 13 days [redacted] release, which was timed [redacted] coincide with the Calley court-martial verdict.

The lyrics were written by Julian Wilson and James Smith, [redacted] of Muscle Shoals, Ala., where the song was recorded last December by a pick-up group called C-Company, featuring Terry Nelson.

300,000 Orders

Initial reaction to the record has been good, according to the hit charts. Singleton said he had orders for more than 300,000 copies [redacted] yesterday and record presses would run through [redacted] end to meet the demand.

The Calley ballad [redacted] by saying that "once [redacted] a time" there was a little boy [redacted] wanted to grow [redacted] to be a soldier, [redacted] his country [redacted] way he could. [redacted] boy put a saucepan on his head for a helmet and paraded about with a sword and flag.

Calley Found Guilty Of My Lai Murders

Nixon Orders Calley Freed

AP Wirephoto

LIEUTENANT CALLEY (LEFT) AFTER HEARING THE VERDICT

N.Y. Times Service

Fort Benning, Ga.

First Lieutenant [redacted] L. Calley Jr. was found guilty yesterday of the premeditated murder [redacted] at least 22 South Vietnamese civilians during the [redacted] at My Lai three years ago.

He faces a mandatory [redacted] of death or [redacted] imprisonment.

Arguments will [redacted] heard today by the same jury of six officers, and the punishment probably [redacted] announced [redacted] afternoon.

An appeal [redacted] automatic within the military court system and could [redacted] months.

The verdict in this grisly and protracted war crimes trial, the longest in the history of military justice, was announced after 79 hours and 58 minutes of deliberation stretching over 13 days.

SILENCE

Calley, a stocky 27-year-old junior college dropout [redacted] led his platoon on a savage sweep through [redacted] hamlet called My Lai 4 on March 16, 1968, was escorted before the jury [redacted] in the small, harshly lit courtroom. Silence fell over the courtroom.

He stiffly saluted the president of the jury, Colonel Clifford H. Ford, a graying, 53-year-old veteran of [redacted] War [redacted] and Korea. Ford returned the salute and then, in a gentle voice, began reading the verdict.

The government had charged Calley with four specifications of premeditated murder of [redacted] least 102 [redacted] and children [redacted] My Lai. [redacted] first specification charged [redacted] Calley slaughtered at least 30 noncombatants along a trail at the south end of the village.

Ford read the jury's finding on that first specification: "Guilty."

But Ford then went on to

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VEITCH AND IRONS HOLD PRESS CONFERENCE

"LEGION OF CHARLIES" COMIC DEFENDED

IN THE FACE OF UNEXPECTED PUBLIC UPROAR OVER THE SUBJECT MATTER OF THEIR LATEST UNDERGROUND COMIC, TOM VEITCH AND GREG IRONS HELD A PRESS CONFERENCE IN S.F. TO DEFEND THEIR WORK.

"IT'S LIKE THIS," SAID TALL RED-HAIRED IRONS, ARTIST OF THE L.C.'S STRIP: "WE'RE PROTESTING A GOVERNMENT THAT DEHUMANIZES ITS CITIZENS AND MAKES ROBOT KILLERS OUT OF THEM."

250 LB. WRITER VEITCH AGREED. "WE'VE TAKEN THE LOGIC INHERENT IN TODAY'S NEWS AND CARRIED IT TO ABSURDITY. THE WHOLE THING IS A PICTURE OF WHAT'S ROTTEN IN THE AMERICAN PSYCHE. IT'S A NON-PARTISAN WORK OF IMAGINATION AIMED TOWARD A PUBLIC CATHARSIS."

EMINENT CRITIC H.I. SABBAH WAS ON HAND TO LEND SUPPORT. "DIS EES ALL GOOD FUN," HE SAID. "DIS BOOK GOT MANY YUK YUKS." cont P.28

1 in 3 Vets Tried Drugs

One-third of all the enlisted GIs returning from Vietnam between the ages of 18 and 26 have experimented with heroin or other "hard" drugs, preliminary findings in an Army survey disclosed yesterday.

[redacted] than half—59 percent—of Vietnam servicemen in [redacted] group have used marijuana, [redacted] report shows.

The investigation, made [redacted] Major Eric Nelson, an Army psychiatrist stationed at [redacted] General Hospital, was conducted last March and April surveying more than 1000 GIs returning from Vietnam to the Oakland Army Base.

Dr. Nelson is [redacted] analyzing the data and will use a computer to determine final results. He hand-analyzed the 1000 questionnaires for [redacted] pre-

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THIS COMIC IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE BRAVE VETERANS WHO TURNED IN THEIR MEDALS IN WASHINGTON D.C., MEMORIAL DAY, 1971

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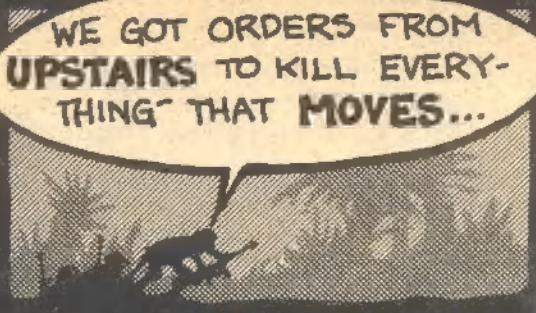
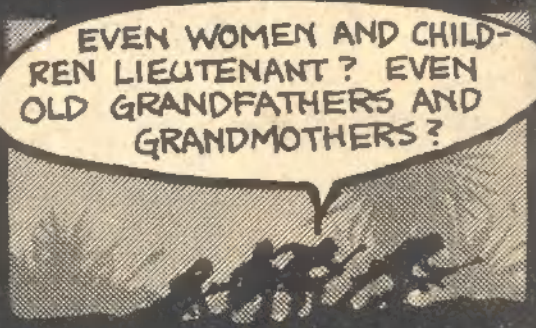
EXCEPT FOR OBVIOUS SATIRIC EXCEPTIONS, ALL PERSONS PORTRAYED ARE FICTIONAL, AND ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ENTITIES LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL, SO DON'T BOTHER SUING!

PROLOGUE:

MY LAI, MAR. 16, 1968

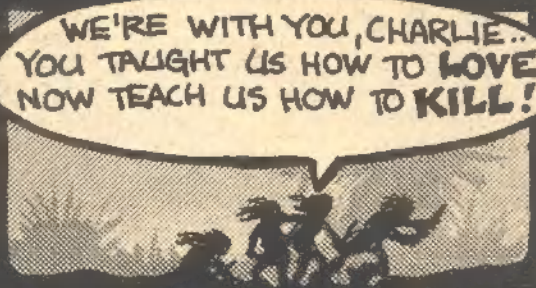
HOLLYWOOD, AUG. 9, 1969

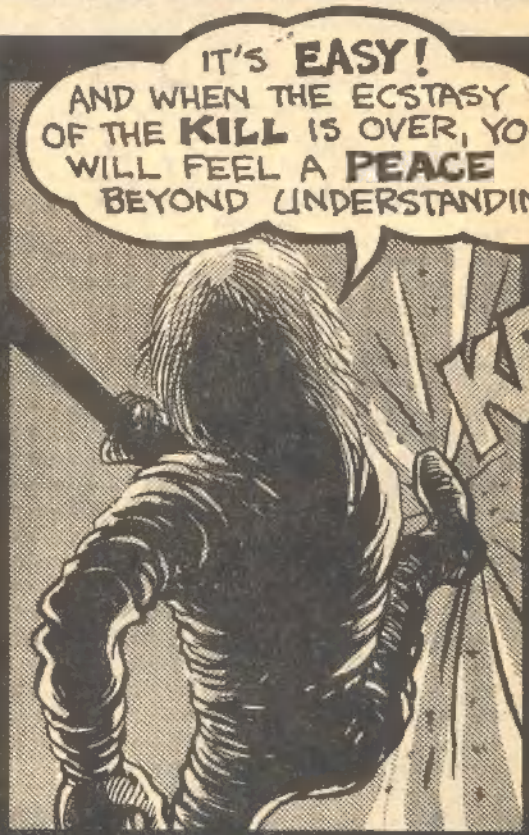

WE GOT ORDERS FROM UPSTAIRS TO KILL EVERYTHING THAT MOVES...


EVEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN LIEUTENANT? EVEN OLD GRANDFATHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS?

YEA, WE'RE GONNA KILL 'EM ALL! THE ONLY GOOK YOU CAN TRUST IS A DEAD GOOK! AIN'T YOU LEARNED THAT BY NOW?
KRAK

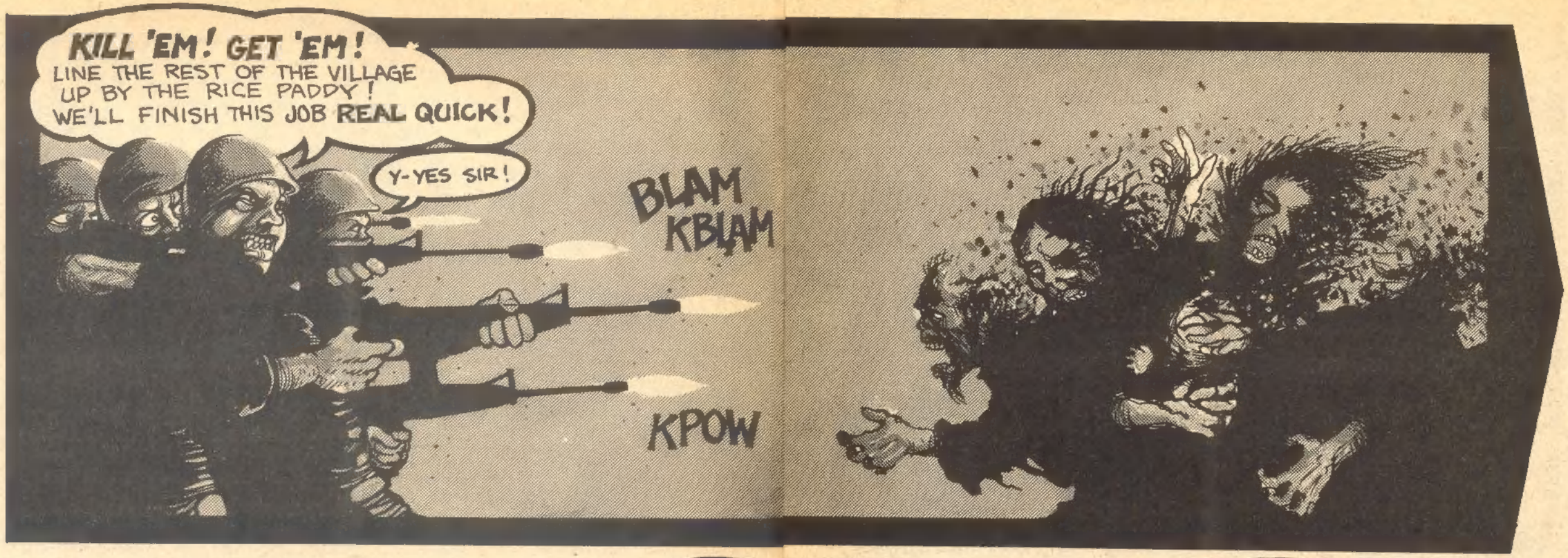
GOD HAS ANNOINTED ME HIS ANGEL OF DEATH! FOLLOW ME, MY SISTERS!


WE'RE WITH YOU, CHARLIE.. YOU TAUGHT US HOW TO LOVE, NOW TEACH US HOW TO KILL!

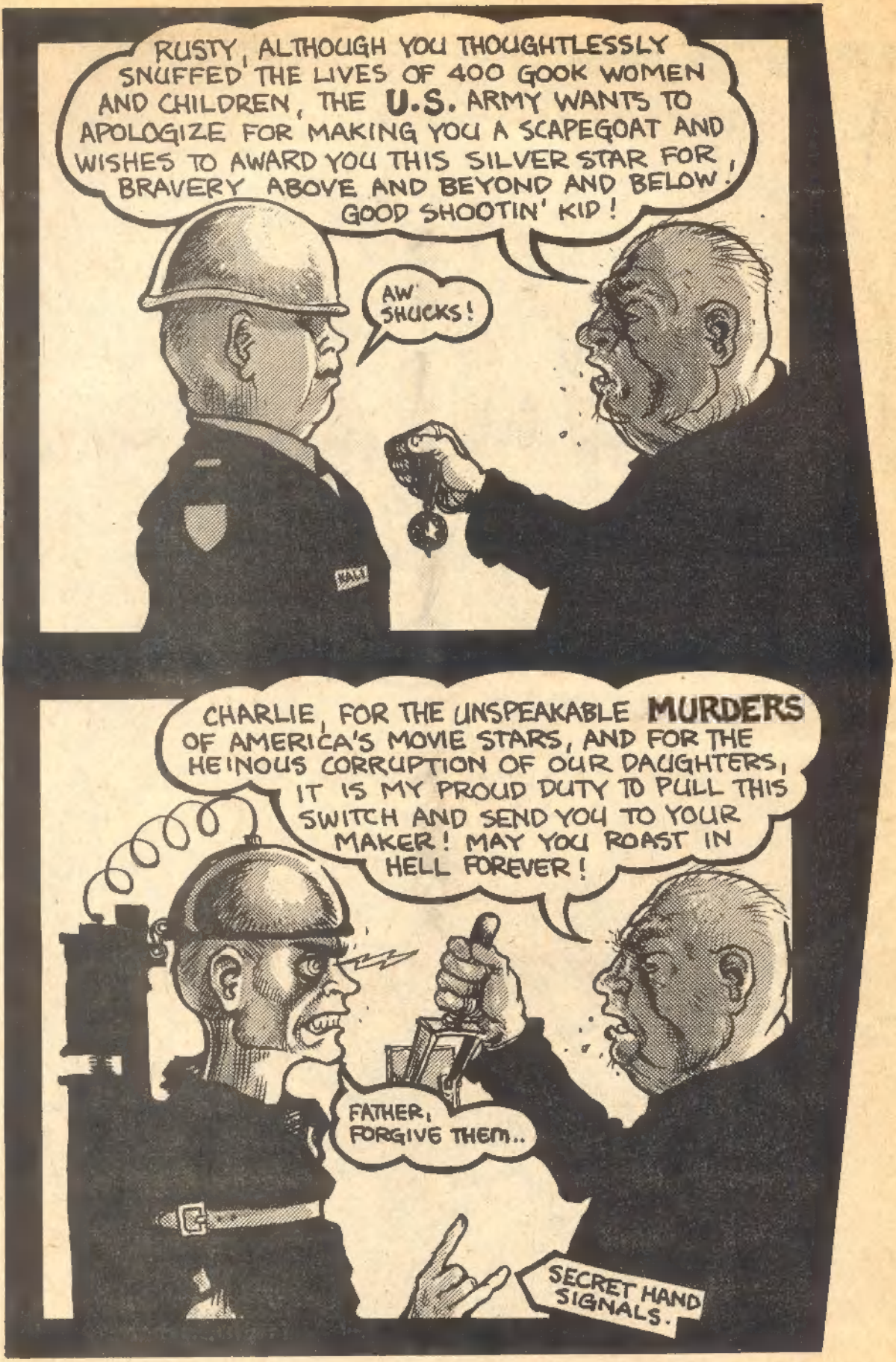

IT'S EASY! AND WHEN THE ECSTASY OF THE KILL IS OVER, YOU WILL FEEL A PEACE BEYOND UNDERSTANDING!
KRAK

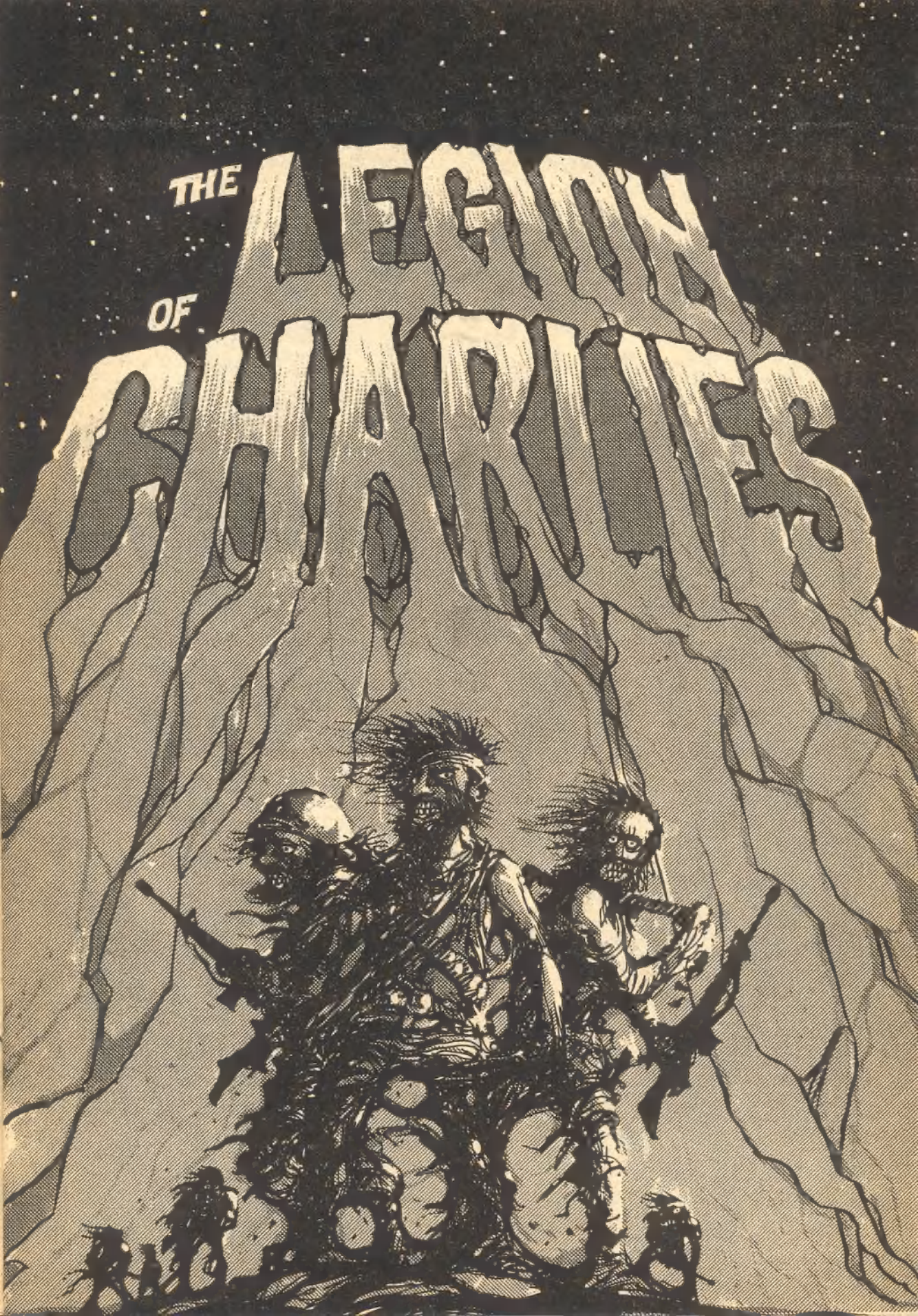
NO! PLEASE AMERICAN SOLDIER! WE HAVE DONE NOTHING! LEAVE US ALONE TO TEND OUR CHILDREN AND OUR CROPS!
AIEE!
YOU COMMIE GOOK CREEPS! 12 OF MY BUDDIES DIED IN YOUR FILTHY TRAPS! YOUR CHILDREN DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE!

W-WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT? GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!
RICH PIGGIES DON'T DESERVE TO LIVE! CHARLIE IS CHRIST! YOU ARE ALL GOING TO DIE!


KILL 'EM! GET 'EM!
LINE THE REST OF THE VILLAGE UP BY THE RICE PADDY!
WE'LL FINISH THIS JOB REAL QUICK!
Y-YES SIR!
BLAM
KBLAM
KPOW

WHEN THE BLACK REVOLUTION COMES WE WILL BE HEROS, SISTERS! BY THE HOLY WORD OF THE BEATLES WE WILL KILL!
NNNGGG!
HELTER SKELTER!
MY BABY! I'M GOING TO HAVE A BABY!
SHUTUP, BITCH!
GOOD GRIEF!


RUSTY, ALTHOUGH YOU THOUGHTLESSLY SNUFFED THE LIVES OF 400 GOOK WOMEN AND CHILDREN, THE U.S. ARMY WANTS TO APOLOGIZE FOR MAKING YOU A SCAPEGOAT AND WISHES TO AWARD YOU THIS SILVER STAR FOR BRAVERY ABOVE AND BEYOND AND BELOW! GOOD SHOOTIN' KID!
AW SHUCKS!
CHARLIE, FOR THE UNSPEAKABLE MURDERS OF AMERICA'S MOVIE STARS, AND FOR THE HEINOUS CORRUPTION OF OUR DAUGHTERS, IT IS MY PROUD DUTY TO PULL THIS SWITCH AND SEND YOU TO YOUR MAKER! MAY YOU ROAST IN HELL FOREVER!
FATHER, FORGIVE THEM..
SECRET HAND SIGNALS.


THE LEGION OF CHARLIES

FREE AND ON THE STREET AGAIN, 'RUSTY' KALI MAKES IT TO **SAN FRANCISCO**, HOME OF THE HAPPY HIPPY...

I'M GONNA SCORE ME SOME GOOD WEED AND FIND ONE 'O THEM SWEET LITTLE HIPPY CHICKS TO TAKE CARE OF ME.. THEN I'M GONNA LAY OUT AN' NOT DO **SHIT!**

ON **BROADWAY**, OL' RUSTY IS IMPORTUNED BY ONE OF S.F.'S FAMOUS PLASTIC TOP-LESS CO-ED **HOOKERS!**

NOOKIE, MISTER?

YOU LOOK PRETTY GOOD TO THESE GOOK-STAINED EYES, WOMAN! ARE YOU A HIPPY?

BET YOUR ASS, DADDY! COME UP TO MY PLACE AND WE'LL STRING SOME BEADS!

FAR OUT!

I SHOULDA TOLD YOU, RONETTE, I HAD A DOSE OF THE BLACK JUNGLE CLAP WHILE I WAS IN TH' NAM!
THAT'S OK, I GOT VENUSIAN CLIT ROT MYSELF!
FUCK SCENE
HEY! EASE UP! YOU'RE HURTING ME!
URG! I CAN'T HELP IT, RONETTE! EVERY TIME I FUCK I FIND MYSELF BACK AT THAT DITCH IN MY LAI, M-16 COCKED AND LOADED!
YEAH... JUST BLOW THOSE FUCKERS AWAY! JUST... JUST... NNNNGGGH! PUFF! PUFF! JUST... NNNG! KILL 'EM! KILL! KILL
HEY! HEY! GET OFF ME YOU FUCKIN' WEIRDO! HEY!
KABLAM

GOOKS! FUCKIN' SLOPES! I'LL KILL EVERY ONE OF YA! I'LL...
SMASH! SLAM SLAM SLAM SLAM
I'LL... OOPS!
LT. KALI WASHES UP AND HITS THE STREETS AGAIN...
JESUS, I MUST HAVE A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM... MAYBE I BETTER SEE A SHRINK!
PSST...! CHARLIE!
FUCK! NOW I'M HAVIN' HALLUCINATIONS!
PARANOIA IS LOVE... MURDER IS LOVE...

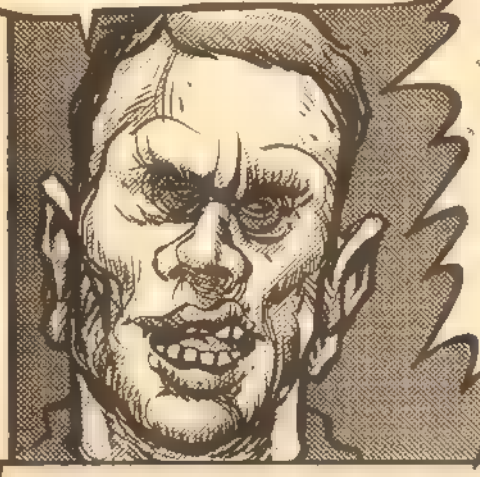
CHARLIE IS LOVE...
?!
CHARLIE!
WHAT THE FUCK! I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!
CHARLIE!
HATE IS LOVE!
LATER, IN GOLDEN GATE PARK...
WHEW! LOST 'EM! THOSE LITTLE BASTARDS CAN'T BE REAL! SHIT! I MUST BE ONE SICK FELLA!
PUFF PANT!
MAYBE I OUGHT TO TAKE THIS ACID RONETTE GAVE ME... IT MIGHT CLEAN THE SHIT OUT OF MY HEAD!
LSD-25
FLASH
THINGS CAN'T GET ANY WORSE, THAT'S FOR SURE

RUSTY KALI ! I NEED YOU, RUSTY !!
OMIGOD!
YES! OH YES!

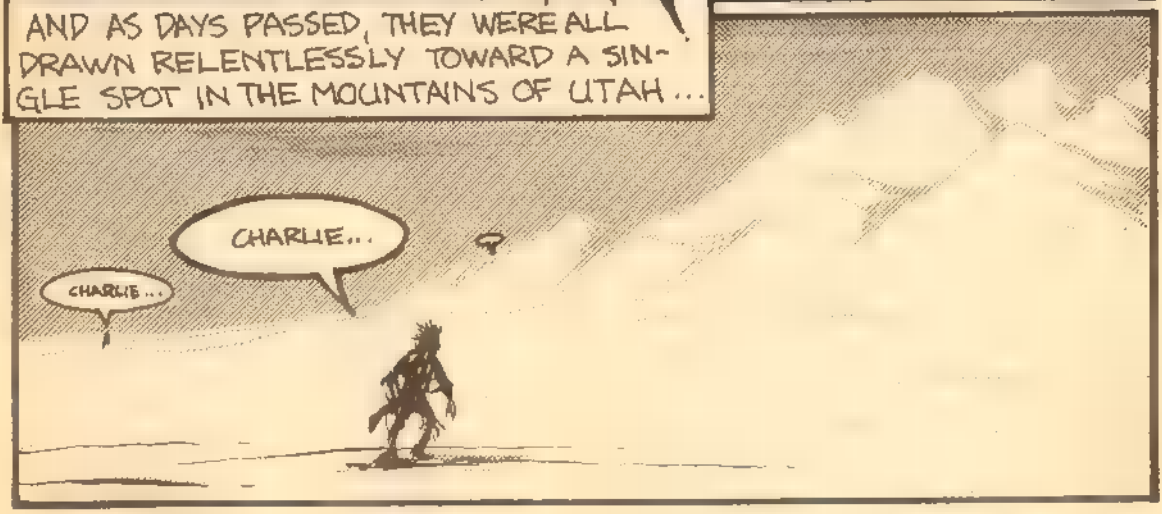
IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, LT. KALI FOUND HIS TRUE SELF EMERGING, AS HE WAS TRANSFORMED FROM A SAD VIET VET TO A DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF THE WORD OF CHARLIE!

MEANWHILE, IN EVERY PART OF AMERICA, HUNDREDS OF OTHER VETS WERE UNDERGOING SIMILAR EXPERIENCES.

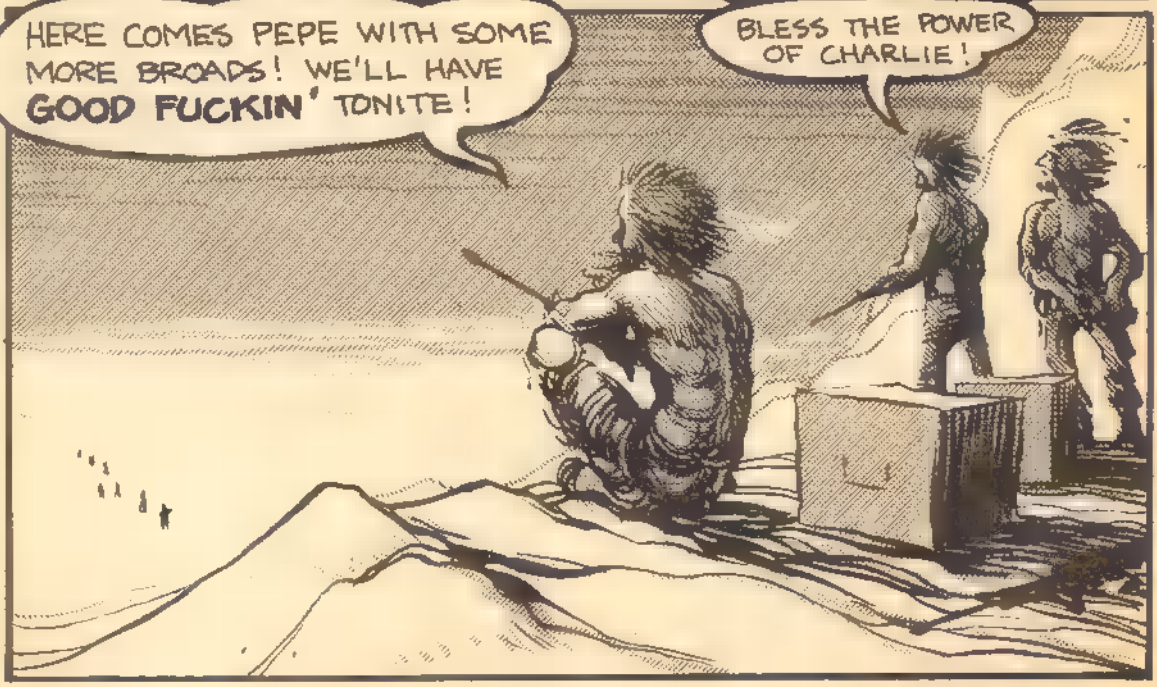
..SO I HAD MY **WHOLE FIST** UP THIS GOOK BABE'S TWAT..



AND AS DAYS PASSED, THEY WERE ALL DRAWN RELENTLESSLY TOWARD A SINGLE SPOT IN THE MOUNTAINS OF UTAH...



NOTHING WAS HEARD OF THESE BOYS FOR MANY MONTHS...THEN SUDDENLY A STRANGE SERIES OF DISAPPEARANCES BEGAN...



THAT NITE AROUND THE OLD CAMPFIRE...

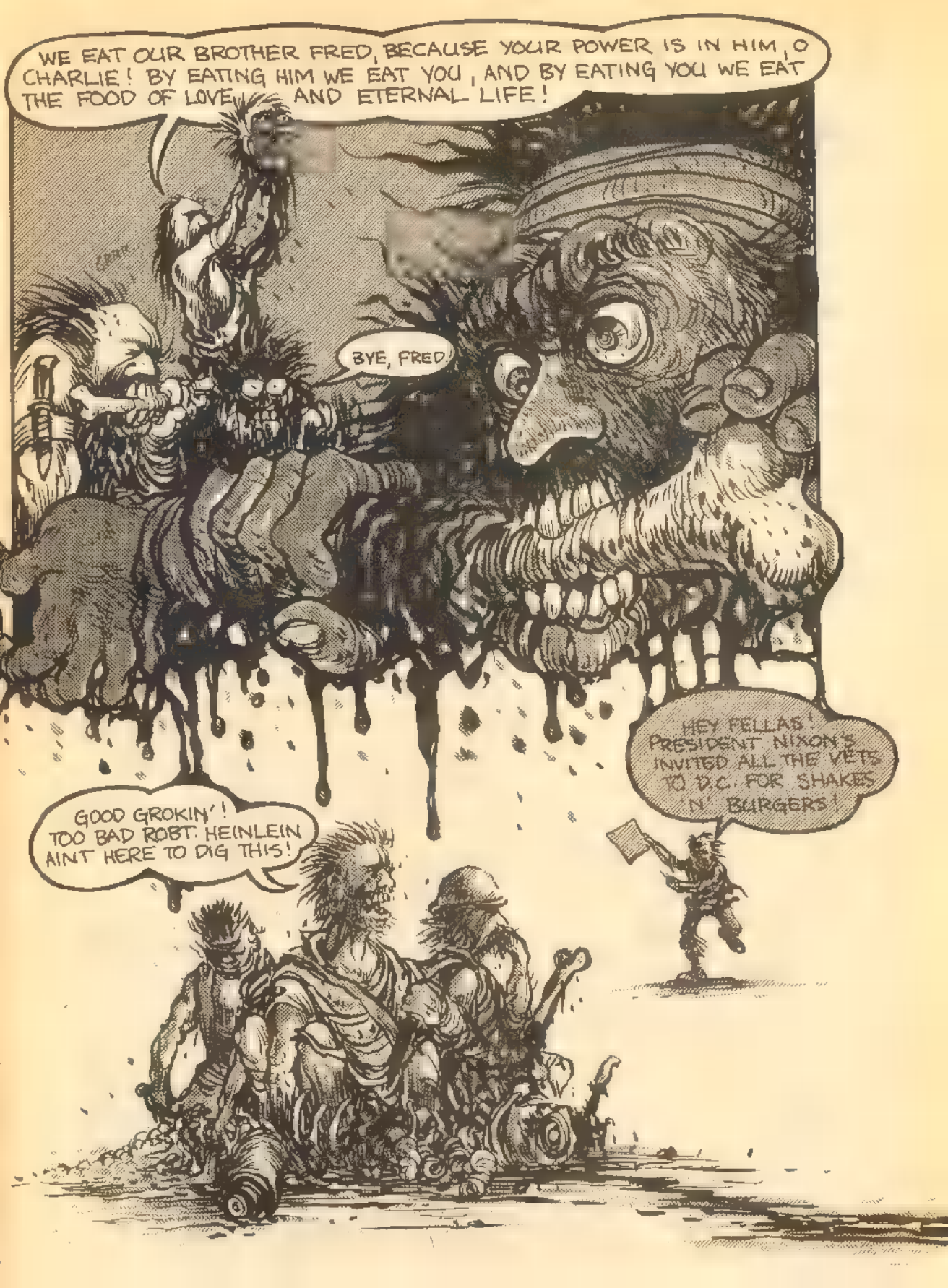
BROTHERS AND SISTERS! LET US PREY! --OH BOSS BUDDHA CHARLIE, WHO LAID DOWN YOUR MEAT TO SAVE US-- WIRE US TO YOUR ELECTRICITY, FRAME US IN YOUR GOLDEN GLOW, THAT WE MAY GROK THE POWER OF YOUR EYEBALLS IN OUR HEARTS!

RIGHT-FUCKIN-ON!

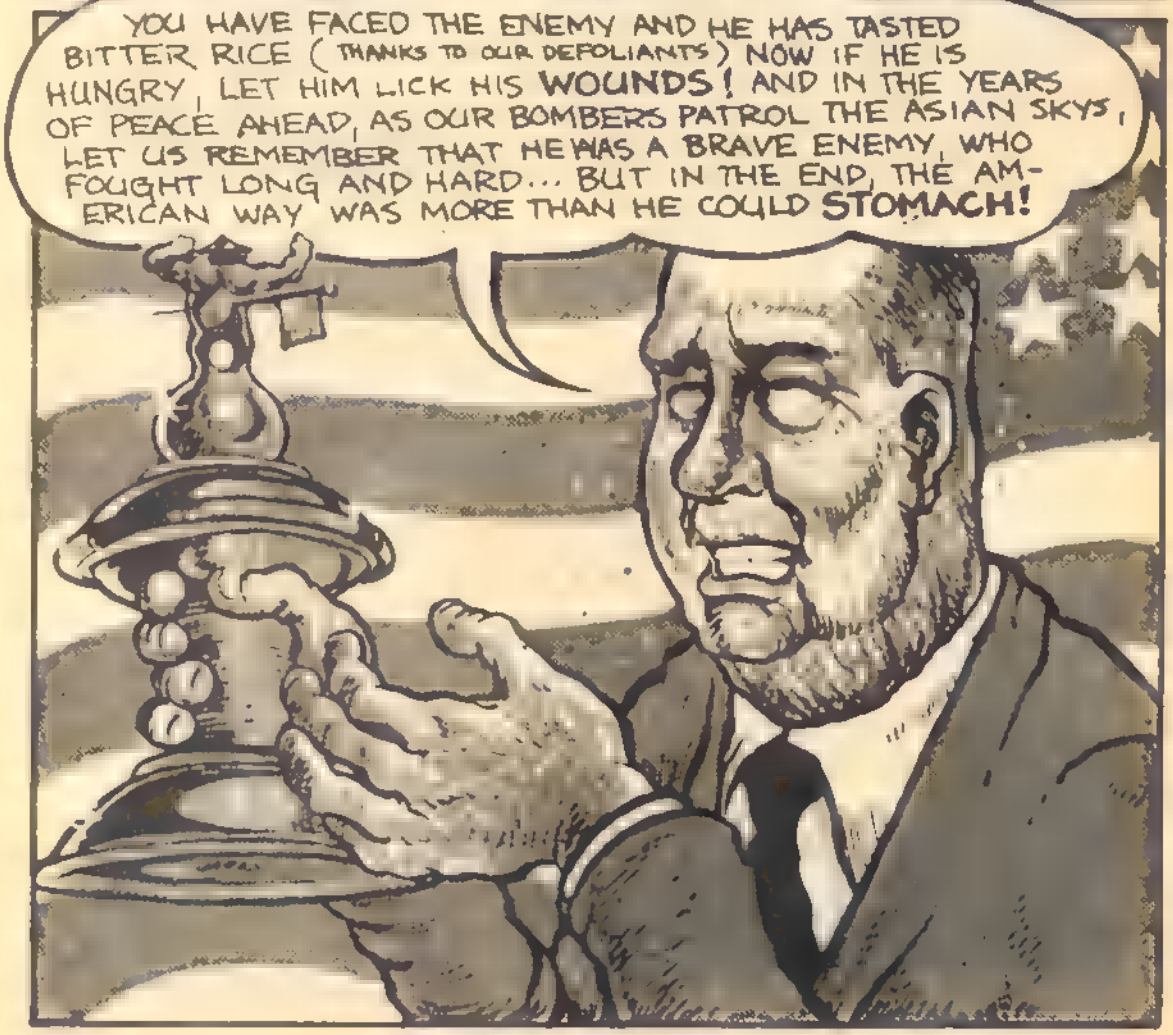
EAT CHARLIE!

THE CRAZED VETS AND THEIR CHICKS BEGIN TO CHANT —

SUDDENLY SEARGE
FRE
I AM CHARLIE! I AM THE CHRIST! BECOME PART OF MY BODY! BECOME ONE! THERE IS ONLY ONE! I AM THE ONE! ME FIRST! HE WHO EATS MY FLESH AND DRINKS MY BLOOD EATS AND DRINKS ETERNAL LIFE! DEATH IS PSYCOSOMATIC! DEATH IS LIFE! I AM YOU AND WHEN YOU ADMIT THAT YOU WILL BE FREE! TOTAL PARANOIA IS TOTAL AWARENESS...
I AM A MECHANICAL BOY... I AM MY MOTHER'S TOY..
HACK
SLASH

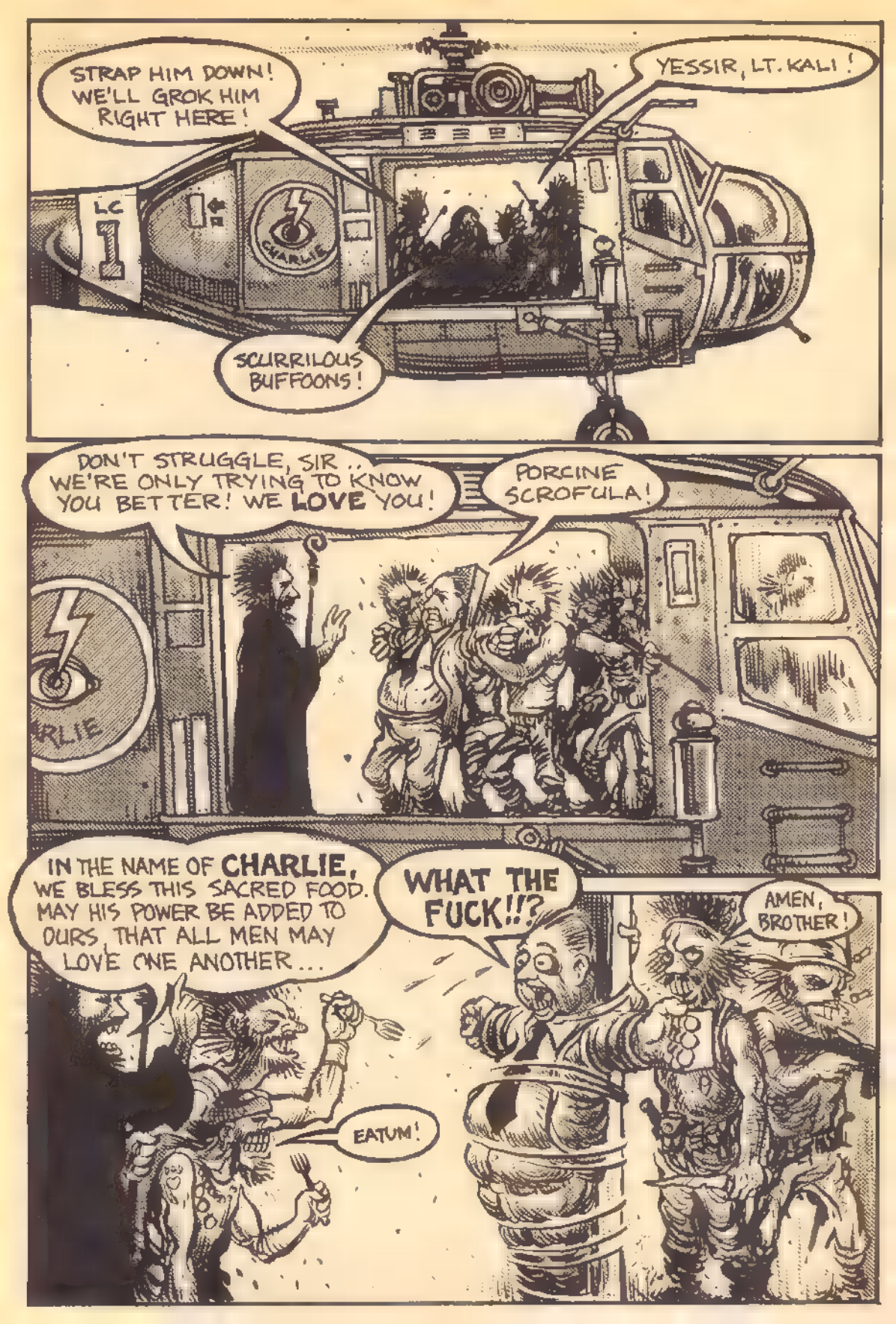

WE EAT OUR BROTHER FRED, BECAUSE YOUR POWER IS IN HIM, O CHARLIE! BY EATING HIM WE EAT YOU, AND BY EATING YOU WE EAT THE FOOD OF LOVE AND ETERNAL LIFE!
BYE, FRED!
HEY FELLAS! PRESIDENT NIXON'S INVITED ALL THE VETS TO D.C. FOR SHAKES 'N' BURGERS!
GOOD GROKIN'! TOO BAD ROBT. HEINLEIN AIN'T HERE TO DIG THIS!

TWO WEEKS LATER IN WASHINGTON —

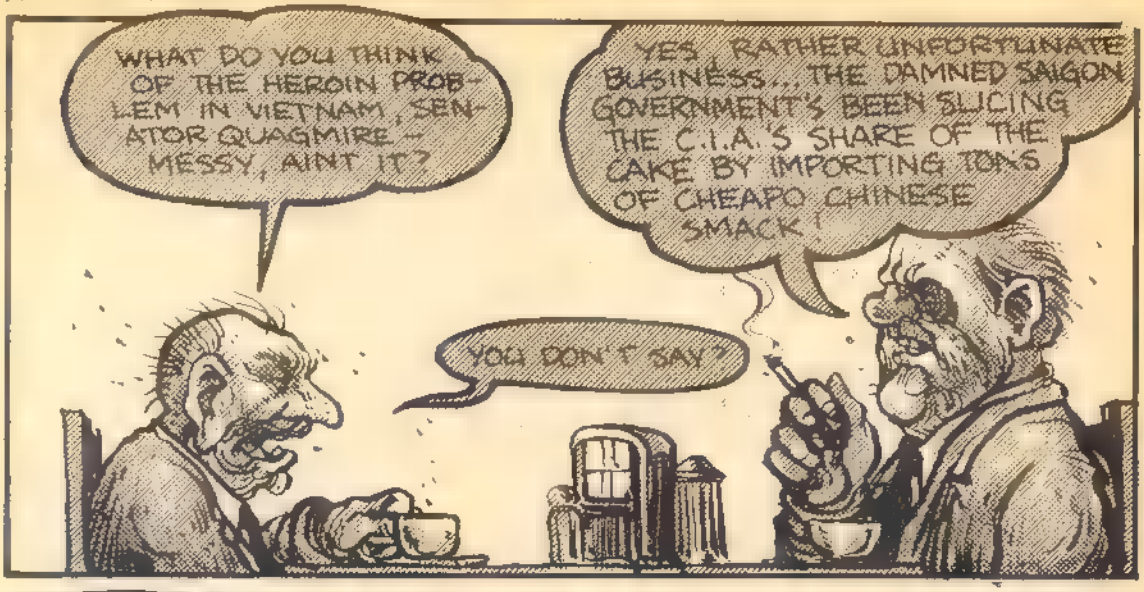


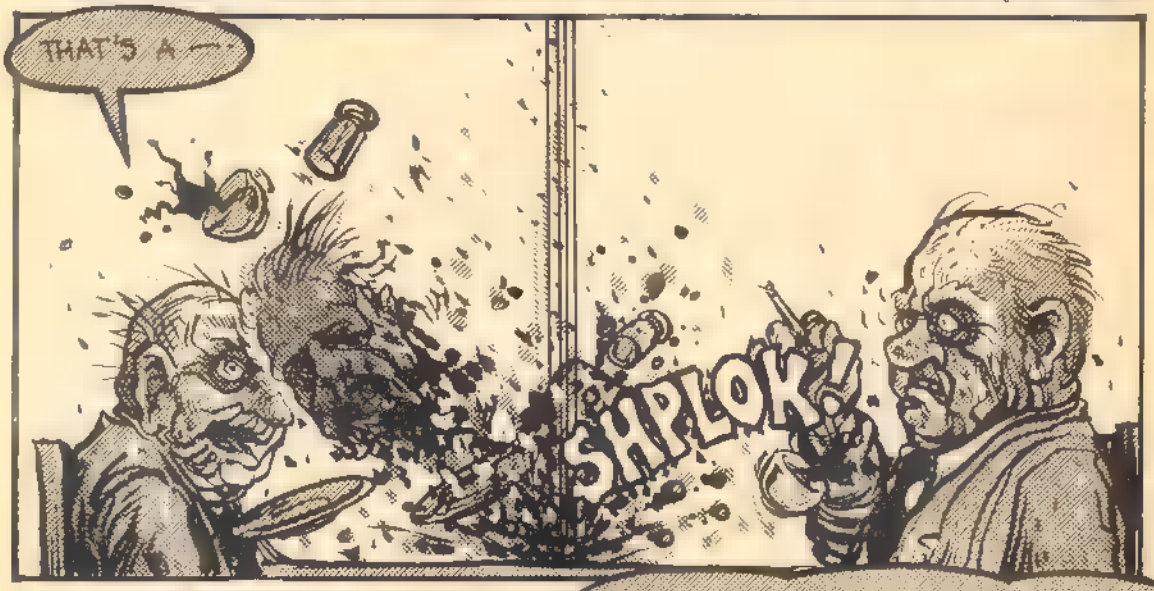
SO, BOYS, FOR HARD KNOCKS IN THE NEVER-ENDING BATTLE AGAINST CRIME ...ER, I MEAN COMMUNISM... THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN CONG BELONGS TO YOU!
THANKS, CHIEF.
OK, EVERYBODY FREEZE - THIS IS A CHARLIE!
IMPIOUS INGRATES! STOP THEM!
HA!
THE FIRST ONE OF YOU 20,000 MOTHERFUCKERS WHO MOVES CAN KISS HIS ASS GOODBYE!
SWISH
EFFETE IMPUDENT.
U.S. MAIL
WHUP

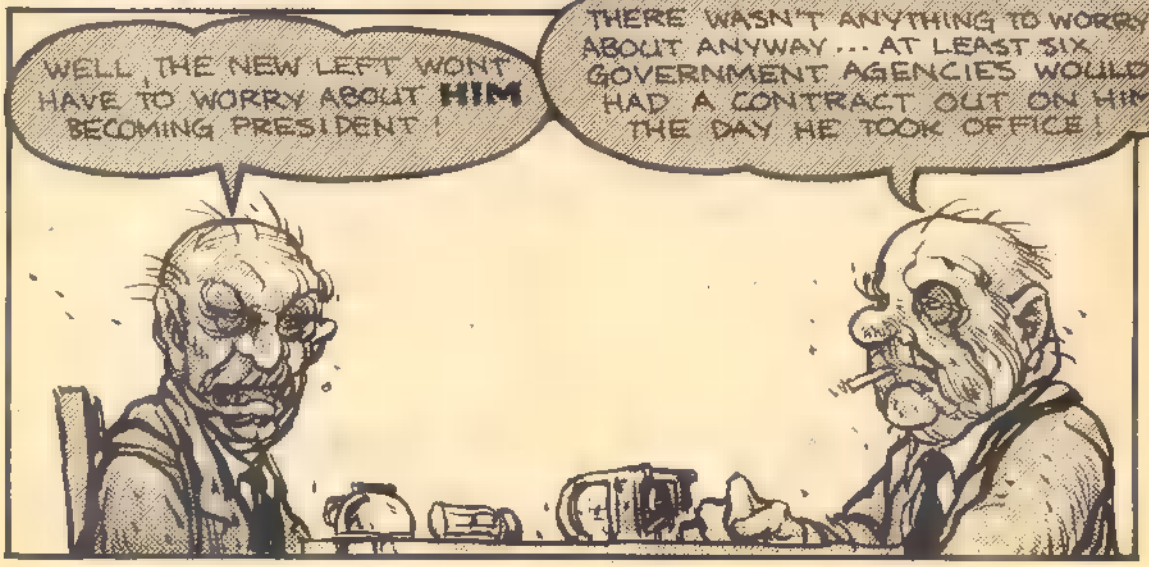
BLADAM!
POW!
PKOW!
POW!
NO!


STRAP HIM DOWN! WE'LL GROK HIM RIGHT HERE!
YESSIR, LT. KALI!
LC
CHARLIE
SCURRILOUS BUFFOONS!
DON'T STRUGGLE, SIR .. WE'RE ONLY TRYING TO KNOW YOU BETTER! WE LOVE YOU!
PORCINE SCROFULA!
IN THE NAME OF CHARLIE, WE BLESS THIS SACRED FOOD. MAY HIS POWER BE ADDED TO OURS, THAT ALL MEN MAY LOVE ONE ANOTHER...
WHAT THE FUCK!!?
AMEN, BROTHER!
EATUM!

AT THAT MOMENT AT A GEORGETOWN SIDEWALK CAFÉ ...



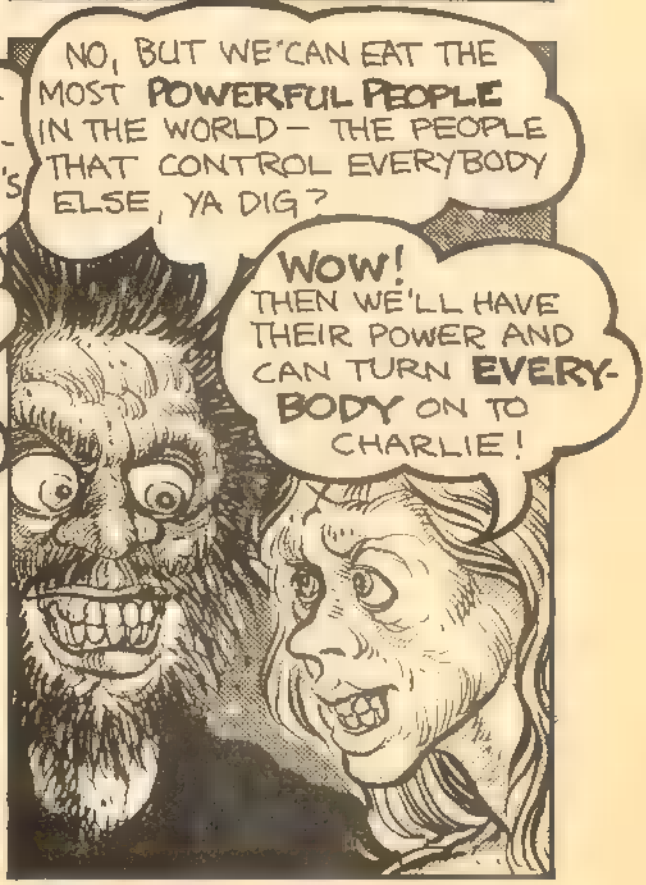




YA KNOW, I NEVER USED TO UNDERSTAND ALL THOSE BIG WORDS HE USED, BUT NOW IT'S LIKE I CAN SEE WITH HIS EYES...
TASTY TOO...

FELLAS, I THINK OLD CHARLIE HAS TURNED US ON TO THE BASIC MEANING OF LIFE... YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT!
IK
TASTY TOO...

IF WE COULD GROK THE WHOLE WORLD, THEN EVERYBODY REALLY WOULD BE ONE, AND EVERYBODY WOULD BE INSIDE CHARLIE'S LOVE!
YEAH, THAT'S GREAT, BUT YOU CAN'T EAT THE WHOLE WORLD!
SPIRO-BURGER ANYBODY?


NO, BUT WE CAN EAT THE MOST POWERFUL PEOPLE IN THE WORLD — THE PEOPLE THAT CONTROL EVERYBODY ELSE, YA DIG?
WOW! THEN WE'LL HAVE THEIR POWER AND CAN TURN EVERYBODY ON TO CHARLIE!

..AND SO, THE LEGION OF CHARLIES DID AS THEIR MASTER BADE THEM, AND CARRIED HIS HOLY GOSPEL TO EVERY PART OF THIS **GOD FORSAKEN PLANET!**

MAY THEIR BLOOD FLOW IN OURS THAT ALL MEN BECOME ONE...

LOWER THE LADDERS, BOYS!

MOSCOW

I BRING A MESSAGE FROM CHRIST, YOUR HOLINESS!

CHRIST WHO?

ROME

THE BREATH OF LOVE YOU BREATHE, IS ALL YOU NEED TO BELIEVE!

CHARLIE!

CHARLIE!

HAK

LONDON

TASTE THE WARM STEEL OF CHARLIE'S LOVE!

I KNEW WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE RE-FORMED THE GROUP CH... UK!

MY SWEET LORD!

CHARLIE!

I AM, YOU AND YOU ARE WE AND WE ARE ALL TOGETHER..

NEW YORK

DEATH IS LIFE, SIMON!

IN OUT IN OUT EVERYTHING IS IN OUT...

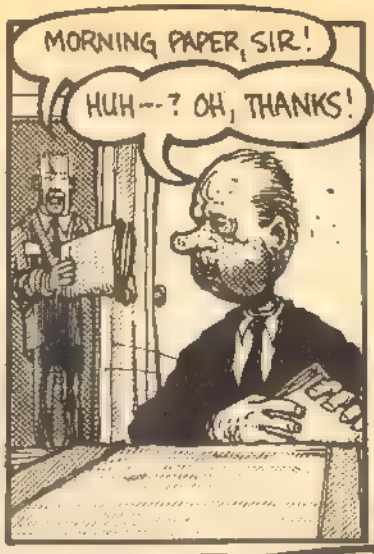
GAAA-K!

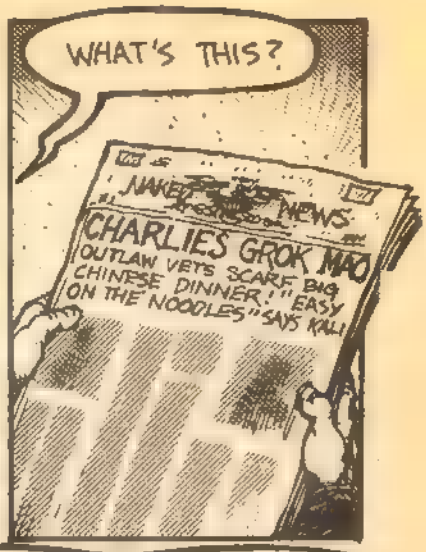
S.F.

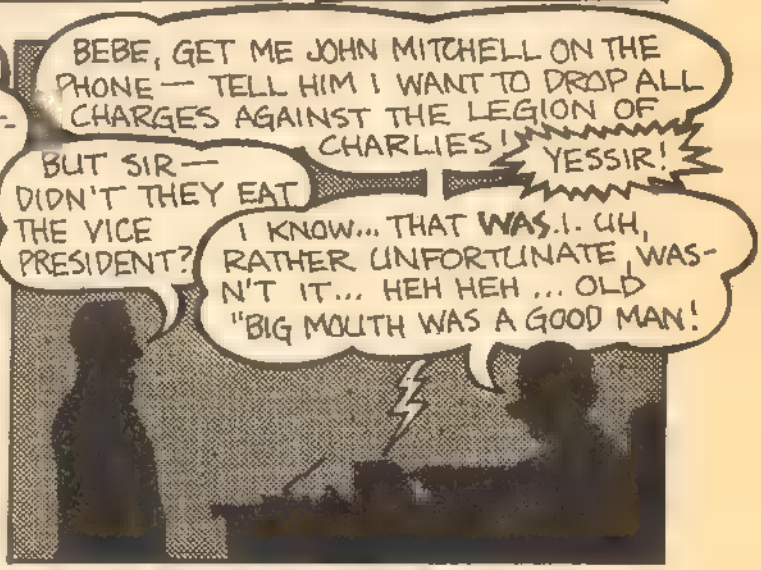
THE LEADERS OF THE PARTY SHALL EAT THE SAME FOOD AS THE WORKERS, AND SHALL NOT BE AS OVERFED CATTLE READY FOR SLAUGHTER!

DONT THINK DONT USE WORDS! LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED!

PEKING

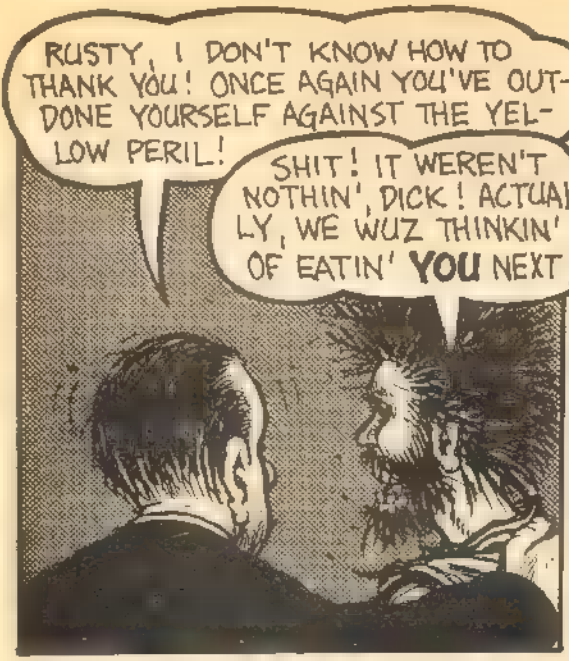






SO, WORD IS SENT TO THE LEGION OF CHARLIES, AND THEY RETURN TO NEW YORK, NOT KNOWING QUITE WHAT TO EXPECT—

THE CHARLIES LAND AND ARE GREETED BY PREZ NIX IN THE FLESH!



... AND SO, THE LITTLE BAND OF HELICOPTERS DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT, AND ANOTHER CHAPTER OF AMERICAN HISTORY SLAMS SHUT! BUT DO NOT CRY... OUR BOYS WILL RETURN TO EAT ANOTHER PRESIDENT, ANOTHER HERO, ANOTHER SAINT... FOR IN TRUTH, THEY ARE BUT AN ALLEGORY OF THE **DEATH** WHICH WILL EAT US **ALL!**

ENDSVILLE

7-4-71

The Conversion of President Nixnerk

PREZ NIXNERK CALLED TOGETHER ALL HIS ADVISERS AND ALL HIS GENERALS TO DISCUSS THE PROBLEM OF THE LEGION OF CHARLIES.

"WELL BLOYS," SAID THE INEBRIATED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, "WHAT ARE WE-- HIC-- GOING TO DO NOW ?! I'VE BEEN PUBLICLY EMBARASSED ON NATIONAL T.V.!"

"EASY, MY BUDDY," SAID HIS CLOSEST FRIEND BEBE REPLOGGLE. "TAKE ANOTHER SIP OF THIS, IT'S GOOD FOR YOU."

THE PREZ WIPED THE TEARS AWAY FROM HIS EYES AND TOOK A BIG SWALLOW OF RED MOUNTAIN. THEN HE TIGHTENED HIS TIE SO HIS HEAD WOULN'T FALL OFF AND PUT ON HIS BEST GRIM SMILE. HE HUNCHED FORWARD WITH HIS ELBOWS ON THE BIG POLISHED OAK TABLE. "L-L-LISTEN FELLOWS... YOU GOTTA HELP ME OUT... THE ELECTION IS C-C-COMING AND MY IMAGE IS ALL F-F-F-FUCKED UP AGAIN!" HIS FACE FELL FORWARD INTO HIS HANDS AND HE BEGAN TO SOB VIOLENTLY.

A SKINNY WRAITH-LIKE SOLDIER GOT UP FROM HIS CHAIR AND PUT HIS ARMS AROUND PRESIDENT NIXNERK. IT WAS GENERAL BUCKEYE DEATHFACE DEVORE, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. ACTUALLY THERE WAS SOME QUESTION AS TO WHETHER HE WAS A LEGITIMATE "SURVIVOR", SINCE THERE WAS SOME QUESTION AS TO WHETHER HE WAS LEGITIMATELY "ALIVE." SOME SAID HE WAS A ZOMBIE — A SOUL-LESS CORPSE THAT REFUSED TO DIE. OTHERS CLAIMED HE WAS AN ANDROID CONSTRUCTED BY THE SOUTH DURING THE LAST MONTHS OF THE WAR. MOST OF THE PEOPLE AT THE PENTAGON PRETENDED HE DIDN'T EXIST. AT CONFERENCES THERE WOULD ALWAYS BE ABOUT TEN EMPTY SEATS ON EITHER SIDE OF THE OLD WARRIOR...

WHEN OLD BUCKEYE SPOKE HIS VOICE WAS LIKE A DEATH RATTLE IN AN EMPTY TOMB: "MY PRESIDENT. ALLOW ME TO TELL YOU THE PLAN WHICH I HAVE CONCEIVED... THE PERFECT PLAN TO GET RID OF THE LEGION OF CHARLIES... WE WILL BRING BACK THE WAR DEAD FROM VIET NAM AND FEED THEM AS C-RATIONS TO OUR NATIONAL GUARD TROOPS. THEN OUR TROOPS WILL BE

AS POWERFUL AS THE L.C.'S!"

A SHUDDER RAN THROUGH THE ASSEMBLED COMPANY. THEY ALL LOOKED AT EACH OTHER. AFTER A FEW MINUTES THE GENERALS AND ADVISERS BEGAN TO NOD, THEIR LIPS TIGHT IN THE GRIM REALIZATION THAT THIS DECREPIT OLD SOLDIER SPOKE WORDS OF DEEPEST TRUTH.

PREZ NIX LEAPED TO HIS FEET, AS IF A SUDDEN BURDEN HAD BEEN LIFTED FROM HIS SHOULDERS. "O.K.!" HE SHOUTED. "THAT'S WHAT WE HAVE TO DO. BUT FIRST I WILL PERSONALLY PAY A VISIT TO LEGION OF CHARLIES HEADQUARTERS AND ATTEMPT TO EXACT SATISFACTION. IF WE CAN DO THIS WITHOUT SHEDDING AMERICAN BLOOD, TURNING BROTHER AGAINST BROTHER... THEN WE SHALL HAVE ACHIEVED A LASTING AND SIGNIFIGANT APPROXIMATION OF THE BURBLEBUBBLE WE WISH TO BEEBLEBUBBLE AT THE CORNERS TO THE UNIVERSE!"

EVERYBODY CLAPPED AND THE PRESIDENT FINISHED OFF THE JUG OF RED AND WIPED HIS MOUTH ON THE OLD GENERAL'S SLEEVE. A WHOLE CHUNK OF THE GENERAL'S ARM FELL AWAY IN DICK'S HANDS AND THE GENERAL BACKED AWAY LAUGHING AND SNORKING AND SPITTING YELLOW SCUM ON THE CARPETS...

* ■ ■

MEANWHILE, ALL OVER AMERICA, THE CHARLIES WERE BECOMING NATIONAL HEROS. CANNIBALISM WAS THE NEW FAD OF THE SEVENTIES AND WOULD PROBABLY BE THE NEW RELIGION OF THE EIGHTIES AND NINTIES. BIG BUSINESS WAS HOPPING ON THE CHARLIE BANDWAGON, AND THE L.C.'S WERE RAKING IN ROYALTIES FROM ALL KINDS OF NEW INDUSTRIES: GENERAL MOTORS CHARLIE, STANDARD OIL CHARLIE, NATIONAL BROADCASTING CHARLIE, METRO-GOLDEN CHARLIE, CHARLIE MEAT INC., — INDUSTRIES THAT MARKETED ENORMOUSLY SUCCESSFUL PRODUCTS SUCH AS LEGION OF CHARLIES CEREALS, L.C. LAMPSHADES, L.C. CAKE MIXES, L.C. ROOTBEER, L.C. OFFICIAL MACHETES, AND (MOST INSIDIOUS OF ALL) LEGION OF CHARLIES COMIX!

THE CHARLIES WERE SITTING PRETTY IN THEIR NEW 40 STORY OFFICE BUILDING ON A LONELY PEAK IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, PROTECTED BY THOUSAND FOOT CLIFFS, BARBED WIRE, MACHINE GUN NESTS, AND HELICOPTER PATROLS. IN ADDITION THEY HAD ABOUT 20 PHANTOM JETS STASHED AT A SECRET AIRFIELD, AND A UNDERGROUND LABORATORY WAS WORKING DAY AND NIGHT TO COMPLETE CON-

STRUCTION OF THE CHARLIES OWN H-BOMB...

NOT THAT THEY WOULD EVER USE IT. THEY WERE PEACE LOVING SOULS. AND WHEN PREZ NIX CAME TO VISIT THEM, THEY GREETED HIM WITH OPEN MINDS AND OPEN HEARTS...

* * *

AIR FORCE ONE STOOD SILENT AND GLEAMING ON THE HOT DRY SANDS OF NEVADA. A LONELY FIGURE CARRYING A BRIEFCASE STOOD ABOUT TWENTY YARDS FROM THE PLANE, HIS HAND SHADING HIS EYES AS HE PEERED INTO THE WAVY DISTANCE. HE HAD BEEN STANDING THERE AN HOUR. HE WAS THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AND HE WAS TIRED OF WAITING. AS HE TURNED TO GO BACK TO THE PLANE HE HEARD THE DISTANT RUMBLE OF ENGINES...

SIX CHARLIES CAME ROARING ACROSS THE DESERT ON CHOPPED HARLEYS, STONED ON BENNIES, AND SINGING "LEOPARD-SKIN PILLBOX HAT." "HI, NIXIE!" THEY SHOUTED AS THEY THROTTLED DOWN AND SKIDDED UP BESIDE AIR FORCE ONE, KICKING A POUND OF SAND IN THE PRESIDENT'S FACE. THEY PILED OFF THEIR HOGS AND GAVE THE PREZ THE CHARLIE KISS, WHICH IS TO TAKE A LITTLE BITE OUT OF YOUR LIP AND PLACE IT ON THE TONGUE OF YOUR FRIEND... NIXON COUGHED AND SPIT OUT THE HAIRY LITTLE LUMPS WHILE THEY DUMPED HIM INTO A SIDECAR AND RUMBLED OFF OVER THE DUNES TOWARD A SECRET MOUNTAIN TRAIL...

"MY PRESIDENTE!" RUSTY KALI BOWED HUMBLY IN ORIENTAL ROBES AND DOFFED HIS FIDEL CASTRO HAT AS THE L.C.'S USHERED THE NIX INTO HIS PRESENCE.

NIXON'S EYES GREW LARGE AS HE SAW THE FORMER WAR HERO, WHO NOW SEEMED TO STAND TWICE AS TALL AND TEN TIMES AS STRONG. THEN THE PREZ TOOK IN THE SCENERY: PLUSH DRAPES, MARBLE PILLARS, STEAMING POOL FULL OF BASKING NUBILE MAIDENS, STEAMING POOL FULL OF BASKING NUBILE MAIDENS... NIXER'S EYES POPPED AND KALI CHUCKLED UNDER HIS BEARD. "WE CALL IT HOME, MY PRESIDENTE. THE AMERICAN PEOPLE HAVE BEEN VERY KIND TO US! WOULD THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES LIKE TO WASH UP BEFORE... UH... DINNER?"

"UH... WHY YES, JUST TELL ME WHERE THE WASHROOM IS AND I'LL..." BEFORE HE COULD FINISH, THREE BRAWNY CHARLIES HAD SWEPT HIM OFF HIS FEET AND RIPPED HIS CLOTHES OFF. THEN THEY SET HIM ON A PEDISTAL SO EVERYONE COULD SEE, AS THE PROPHET SAYS, THAT "EVEN THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES MUST SOMETIME STAND NAKED..."

THE EYES OF ALL THE CHARLIES FASTENED ON THE NUDE NIX. A STARTLED "WOO!" ECHOED AGAINST THE VAULTED CEILING. FOUR CHICKS FAINTED AND FELL INTO THE POOL. "OH MAN, I NEVER KNEW— WHAT A BEAUTIFUL BODY HE HAS!" IT WAS TRUE. HIS SECRET HOBBY WAS BODY-BUILDING, AND OVER THE YEARS— EVER SINCE HE HAD SERVED AS VICE PRESIDENT UNDER EISENHOWER— HE HAD ACQUIRED ONE OF THE MOST LUSCIOUS HE-MAN BODIES IN AMERICA. UNFORTUNATELY, HIS ½ INCH JOINT TENDED TO MAKE THE WHOLE THING SEEM RIDICULOUS.

THE CHARLIES LIFTED BIG NIXNERK ON THEIR SHOULDERS AND CARRIED HIM TO THE STEAMING POOL. HE PROTESTED, BUT THEY DUMPED HIM IN AMONG THE SQUEALING NUBILE CHARLIE GIRLS, ALL NAKED AND SLIPPERY IN THEIR BROWN OILED BODIES. A CHEER WENT UP, AND THE GIRLS SPLASHED NIXON AND JUMPED ON TOP OF HIM, RUNNING THEIR HANDS OVER EVERY PART OF HIS HONORED EXECUTIVE BODY, AND KISSING AND LICKING HIM ALL OVER. STRANGELY, HE CEASED TO PROTEST, AND HIS FACE SEEMED TO RELAX A LITTLE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER FORTY YEARS! THEN THE GIRLS BEGAN TO CAREFULLY WASH AND OIL HIS BEAUTIFUL MR. AMERICA MUSCLES, WHILE A BIG SPADE CHICK GAVE HIM AN UNDERWATER BLOWJOB.

NIX WAS (NO KIDDING) LAUGHING AND SMILING AS THEY CARRIED HIM OUT OF THE POOL AND DRIED HIM OFF. JUST LIKE A BOY HE WAS THEN, THE WATERS SEEMED TO HAVE HAD A SALUTARY EFFECT, BRINGING A YOUTHFUL GLEAM TO HIS EYE...

BIG RUSTY STEPPED FORWARD IN HIS FLOWING ORANGE ROBES AND TOOK THE PRESIDENT'S HAND. "CONGRATULATIONS, MY PRESIDENTE, YOU HAVE RECEIVED BAPTISM IN THE WORD OF CHARLIE. NOW IF YOU WILL STEP THIS WAY INTO THE CHAPEL... THE SACRED EATING CEREMONY IS ABOUT TO BEGIN..."

"OH?" SAID NIX, RAISING AN EYEBROW.

THE WORK OF CHARLIE WAS COMPLETE.

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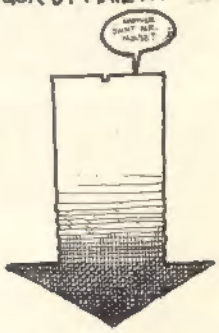

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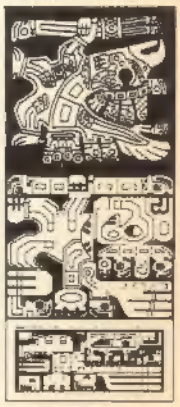

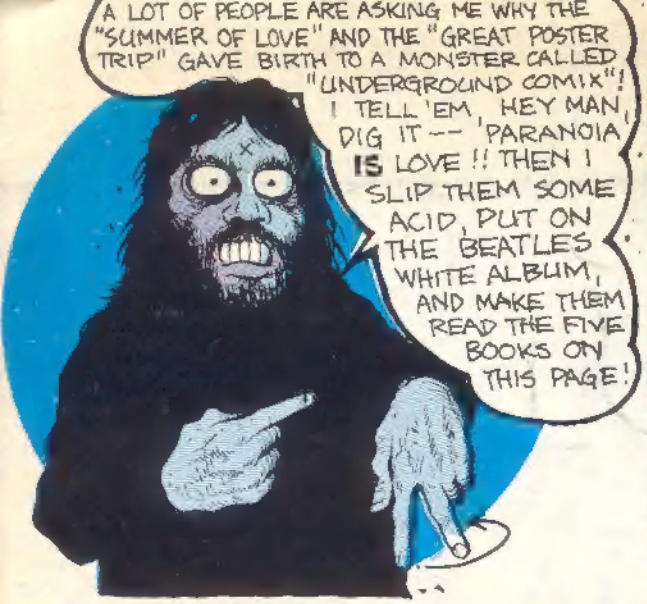

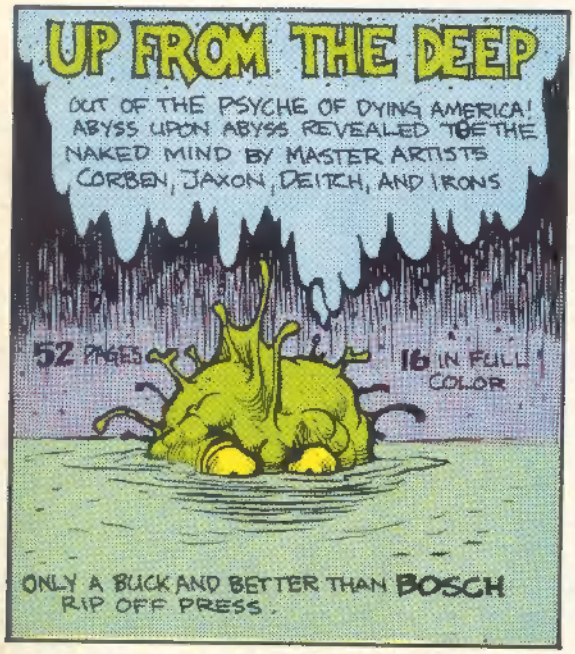

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